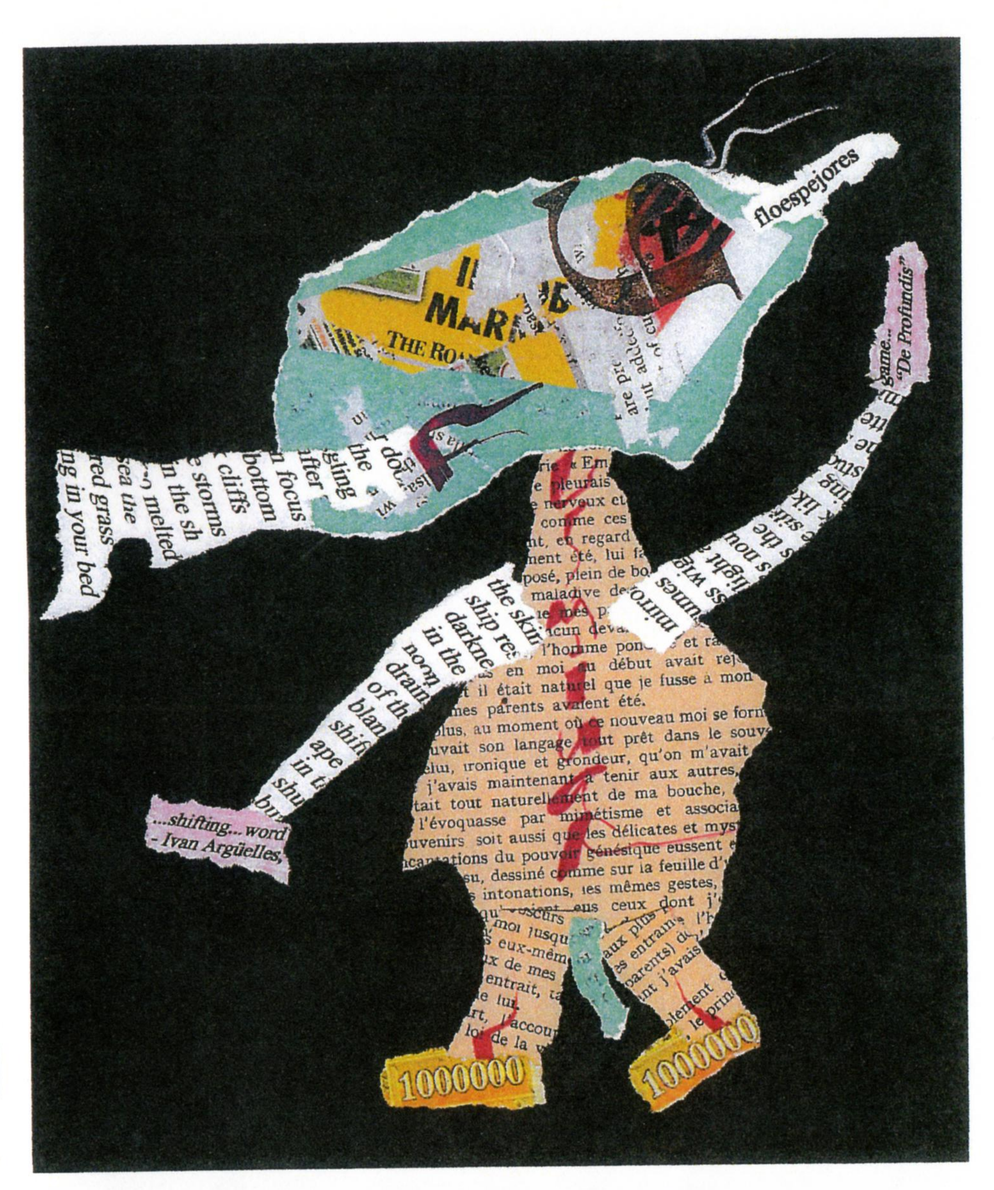


LA TUERCA

John M. Bennett
with Jim Leftwich
& Thomas M. Cassidy

...sin...máscara...
-Octavio Paz

espgruntejo

ah lurching foot bowl yr
lungch swaddle ,s
w armed g ash across the
face)*vis age bru lée(*
que en mis güevos grita
just eat the mouth yr

))g rime hO le((*soul fool*
nor entombology fiddling
in the laundry basket Ü

bleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeat...................

2015
Poetry, John M. Bennett; Collage, John M. Bennett
with heads by Jim Leftwich (1, 3, 9, 11)
& Thomas M. Cassidy (2, 4, 10, 12)

LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214 USA

bot the time negck test
or testiestes testacular

ick cglock ,count the cl
own lint dancing on yr
hat .... *where streams*

)maze mente tesdemonio
en los vuelcos vueltos ...(

dawn pulsing in the mirror
ah yr forky throat !

cHadds b
serce
for

)))CLUTTTTTTTTERED SHIRT(((

and dimes vanished in the
your
milk

espsheetejo

...the shirt the sheet...
John M. Bennett

la tuerca

the chewed boat your
c loset tongue's last
sweat first meal wr
iggling in yr throat
it's the c age of l
aundry it's a lengua
de madera tallada
con un caraglifo found
among the rocks re
focused dice and
sandwich blindness
legs walking out to sea

...no...ví...





rook

run the g
ate a way
yy tomber
re monstrance
shade ah's
go go go
en tabflacture
yr stroke re
gret one
howls one
dumbs one
melts be
hind the
f ridge the
coff in tool

yr knob pond

the spider

p eel the sciss ors if
yr g ate sand wich opens
toward the beach in
flames if if was
off the face a tow
el doubled in the
flooded closet is a
shredded phonebook
full of millipedes is
the mumbling neck tastes
the blades the hand
roams into the of br
each finds your if name
finds your off name ff
inds yr nname

S





fold

stoke the ra
bbit ere the
large hanging
teeth yr arm
reduce re
duce was b
roke the
finger said
the bring
thing ,root
the cloud o
toor eht duolc
rechambered
was what b
arked was
barking eat
the shore

longer longer chew

numbs

col nor ent
in tensive
su it hhh
ump before
yr vis age
knew pl ease
re turn the
t ime p lease
dont the
pee ling ddd
oubt's con
tactual foam
.inter sticey
f lame yr
shshoe re
tains the
dog pile

outer outer





tool

br icks fon etics
ob viate yr chin
stones buried in
the b each of you
a nail what t
ouched the board's
engagement off the
air a dr ink you
sw eat was fr
amed with brat
wurst was the
mantis alerted on
a leaf you spoke
what name with
it's a storm awa
kens in the broom
bangs the wall

yr shredded flag

i mage

thicker than yr head the
if it was ,mortar mor
tal no es ,sombra w
rithes beneath a
tree the b lack
long bush a crow
ded said ,sez yr
lunch return ah
o pen said the
mouth of snails
,said the skull
filled with bees

Des porches de l'abîme...
- Victor Hugo





reek

f lips the ch
anchre off h
ops nam e re
dolent doll ar
do lor e u m y
foot hurts my
dang led sh
orts re lap
sed into yr
shadow me em
blazed em bla
zoned cross eh
face's shade
drawn before the
wind ow moon

huff an think

...en los pisos altos...
- Carlos Fuentes

sepumirrortula

Untitled
Untitled

DULCINEA

Tout est calme ici...
- Guillaume Apollinaire

espellaejo

la vi sentada la ví tocinada la
ví entre los zapatos en una col
ina la ví comer un dedo la
ví en el clóset del cielo con un
libro en llamas la ví coci
nando la ví con un pedazo de
piedra verde y con un pie de
humo la ví y la ví en mis bra
zos como aire la ví con
un dólar y una calabaza
con un tenedor y una cer
illa la bí al dormir mis
ojos abiertos cerrados al
pbasto del tiempbo

inexplicación que es el
la pared de la cocina donde hay
el sueño de la pregunta es
sueño de una apertura en
el sueño de escribir esta

una cabeza que te pregunta
lo que hay dentro de la pared
que es el sueño de la inex
plicación escrita mas no escrita

el éxtasis



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